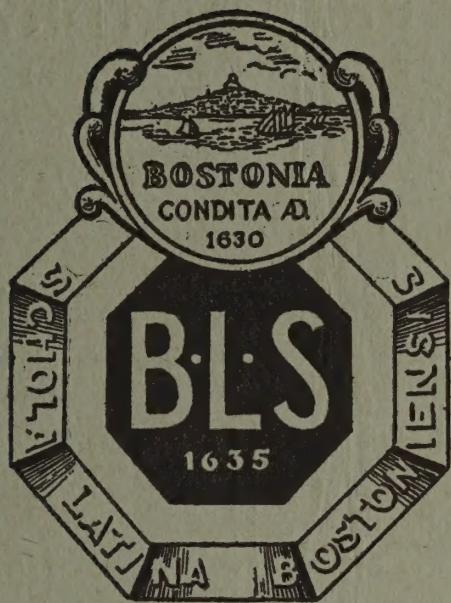


The Register



Alumni 1923

VOL. XLII

NO. 7

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Latin School Register

April, 1923

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HEADMASTER PATRICK T. CAMPBELL

A Word from Mr. Kennedy

The reminiscences of the old graduate who told of the good old days in the "old building on Bedford Street" was to me always one of the most interesting features of the Alumni numbers. Now that the school is housed in its new quarters in the Fenway, as a former pupil and an ex-master, all the years of whose connection with the institution were spent in the "new" old building, I hasten to be one of the first thus to "reminisce" of that old building now bequeathed to "our great sister school".

One article I remember told of the first days on Warren Avenue—oceans of room—empty classrooms galore, no crowding. How different the first days in the new building, two classes in each of several rooms; the library from which so much was expected turned into a classroom; the construction of wings immediately begun which, completed, fail to eliminate entirely the congestion.

Some of the older teachers may remember a master of the remote days on Warren Avenue. His name—well, perhaps when my description *shall have been finished*, they will recognize him.

During my years as pupil he presided in Room 8. One never could figure out in that gentleman's classes when his turn to recite would come, for frequently, "not to keep the stupid alphabetical order" he would jump from "Amadon all the way down to Thompson". Often a good recitation would be followed by, "That's pretty good Kennedy; a thousand times better than your last recitation—and a little bit added." Not very hard to figure out that previous mark.

There was another master who, one year, "stole a few minutes from his valuable time" instructing in another subject to teach a division in the same Greek. I'll never forget the principal

parts of a particular Greek verb even when all other details of that language have been forgotten. I learned them after school at the cost of much arm exertion and many pieces of chalk.

Then there was Mr. Campbell. No, not the one who now presides in that chamber of horrors, the office, and whom the District Attorney of Suffolk County dared call last year on Class Day on the platform of the old school and in his very presence by his first name (abbreviated)! This was another, affectionately called "Bill", who ruled in Room 6. He lives now in France; therefore I may speak freely. No humorous or semi-humorous declamation was ever permitted in that room. One venturesome young man on a certain occasion submitted for approval "A Psalm of Life." It was approved. When his turn came to speak he began,

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Marriage is an empty dream,
And the girl is dead that's single—"

That's as far as he got. Never shall I forget the look of horror, of outraged righteousness, that came over Mr. Campbell's face. There were no more such attempts that year.

Speaking of declamations reminds me of an incident in Dr. Groce's room. A certain Goodwin had selected an extract from Burke's "Speech on Conciliation with America" as his piece. Three times on three different days, he stood on the platform and began, "The proposition is peace" three times; that was as far as he could go. After his latest effort, Dr. Groce went to the board and, turning to the class, said, "I am going to write here a quotation from another great orator, a contemporary of Burke's; pardon me if I misspell." He wrote, "The gentleman cries, 'Piece, piece, but there is no piece'."

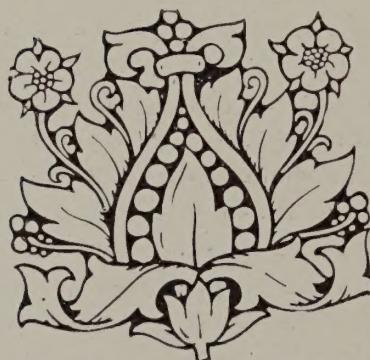
Dr. Groce had no memory for dates. He was very frank about it. Go up to him and ask for the year of the birth of some writer being studied; out would come the little slide at the right hand side of his desk, whereon was pasted a list of such dates and from that he would supply the desired information. But woe be unto you if you couldn't give them in a test or constructed such a list for your private and secret use on such occasions.

It was during those years that Mr. Richardson began the Memorial Day addresses which he continued to give almost every year up to the time of his retirement and after, until failing health prevented his coming to the school.

(Mr. Kennedy, up to last year, was head of the History Department. Now he is Dean of the Boston Normal School.)

How interesting they were—vivid, interesting well-ordered accounts of his own experiences in the Civil War! I recall most clearly his account of the charge at Fredericksburg—the open space, swept by the fire of Confederate batteries, which must be crossed, and particularly the overwhelming feeling of "aloneness" which he then experienced. Every address had at the end its little lesson applicable to schoolboy life. His has been a life of the most devoted, whole-souled service to his fellows, "ad multos annos."

My experiences as master I will not now add. All of the masters are my friends; I see them often, " 'Twere better thus."



Printing A Newspaper

By Charles Joseph Odenweller '26

One wintry, blustering day in January I took a trip through one of the modern newspaper offices. As I entered the building I met a friend of mine who knew the newspaper business thoroughly. He said that since he was not very busy at the time he would show me how they printed a newspaper. These are a few of the things that he told me.

The news-item which is brought in by the reporter reaches the city editor's desk first. If he says that the story is worth publishing he sends it to the "rewrite table" and tells them how much space it is to occupy in the paper. The "rewrite table" consists of eight or ten men who elaborate or condense the story into the size that the city editor allows them.

When the story leaves the "rewrite table" it is sent to the composing room. If the story is a long one it is cut up into several parts and given to different compositors. In the modern newspaper offices there is an invention that sets type by machinery, called a linotype machine. This is a very wonderful piece of mechanism. It is about eight feet high and four feet wide and has a keyboard similar to that of a typewriter. In the printing world the capital letters are called "upper case" and the small letters "lower case". If, on the linotype machine, you wished to print the word "Boston", you would touch the upper case "B" which would release a matrix in a magazine at the top of the machine and send it down into a slot beside the keyboard. A matrix is an oblong piece of brass with the imprint of the letter which it represents on one end. The operator would then shift to the lower case keyboard and press

the other letters. When there was a full line of type the operator would turn a lever and the matrices would slide over to another part of the machine where they would press against molten metal in a mould and thus form a line of type. The matrices are carried by an arm that reaches down and carries them back to their magazine. They drop down automatically to their former position. This is done more quickly than I can tell about it.

When the story is in type, it is taken to a proof press and a copy taken and sent to the proofreaders' room for correction. On important occasions when they must hurry this is left out so as to beat the other newspapers in getting out the news.

The story is then taken over to the makeup table and put in its place in the page. When the whole page is finished the sub-editor says, "Lock it up," and the page is securely locked by means of screws in an iron frame.

When the page is finished the men carry it on a special table to the stereotype room to have a cast made. The form is laid on a table and a specially prepared paper is laid over it. This consists of two kinds of blotting paper and five pieces of tissue paper pasted together. Rollers are then run over the paper forcing it down into every crevice, thus forming a matrix from the paper. The matrix is then taken to another part of the room and covered with woolen blankets, put under another presser and cooked for a short time under high steam pressure, which causes the matrix to become hard, entirely different from the original form.

It is then sent to the casting room and put in a mold, where hot molten metal

consisting of tin, lead, and antimony flows into the crevices of the matrix causing a semi-circular mold to be formed; an exact reproduction of the original type.

This mold is sent to the press room where it is placed on the cylindrical press and fastened securely. The modern press is about eighty feet long, forty feet high and ten feet wide.

Four large rolls of paper six feet long, weighing fifteen hundred pounds, are used to feed this monster press, which will deliver twenty-four thousand eight-page papers an hour, or six thousand thirty-two-page papers an hour.

This press also counts all the papers in blocks of fifty, cuts them, folds them, and places them neatly on a rack all ready for delivery.

The mailing room receives all the papers and puts them on the trucks to be sent to all parts of the city.

Since it takes one and one half cords of wood to make one roll of paper, and it takes about one hundred rolls to make one Sunday edition of one of the

Boston newspapers, one begins to wonder where the pulp for newspapers will come from in the future. Unless we practice forest conservation, and are more careful, there will not be any more large forests in the United States. In former years people laughed at the thought of our wonderful forests disappearing from the face of the earth but now this wanton waste of our forests and the fact that our forestry department is not sufficient to cope with this danger without the help of every true American. If, however, whenever we cut down a tree we plant one, our problem would be solved. They conserve the forests in Europe. Why not here? Because we have some of the largest forests is no reason why we should not take care of one of our greatest natural resources. America will be at the mercy of the wood producing countries if we do not conserve our forests. Don't be careless with that match when walking in the woods, but think that you may be the cause of millions of dollars worth of damage by one little piece of carelessness.



A Letter from James H. Hickey

As a classmate of headmaster Patrick T. Campbell, I feel a close relationship to the Boston Latin School of today, and I am glad to contribute to the Alumni Number of the *Register*.

Of course every alumnus, in looking back to his Boston Latin School days, will recall different impressions. My impression has always centered about the inscription, which was chiseled into the stone over the front entrance, where it appeared written in letters of gold:

"ABEUNT IN MORES"

Cicero never saw more deeply, or spoke more nobly than in these words: "They dissolve into character."

The ultimate aim of studies is not the acquisition of facts, nor yet the culture itself, but the formation of character. Cicero, as a teacher of oratory and a philosopher, with all the other great teachers, has embodied this

truth in the noble words of the above inscription. I have always remembered the impression this inscription made upon me and I always associate these words with my recollections of the old school.

I have not seen the new Boston Latin School, but I hope to do so at an early date. When I see it I shall look for the inscription on the old school in its place on the new building; I hope it will be there.

As orator for the class of '89 I felt and spoke of the high purpose of the school, and with the years the appreciation of that purpose has grown in my mind, and has centered about the inscription:

Haec studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfigum ac solacium praebent.

—James H. Hickey '89



The Holdup

By M. H. Goldberg '23

The snow-covered village of Stanton lay slumbering peacefully one winter's night in the light of the silvery moon. Although it was nearly ten o'clock (which was considered a late hour by the good people of Stanton), a few men could still be seen lazily lingering in the warmth of the cheery, old-fashioned stove in the general store.

Soon, however, the men began to leave for home and bed; and in a short time Caleb Brown, the proprietor, after locking up for the night, also started out for his home on the outskirts of the village. This lonesome walk he did not mind in the least. On the contrary, he looked forward to it with pleasure; for there was a full moon to light his way, and there was no wind to speak of. It was one of those rare nights when it is delightful to stride along over the crunching snow and to fill one's lungs full of the keen, invigorating wintry air.

After walking along for some time, Caleb came to a wild and deserted section of the road, which was bordered on the one side by a thick wood, and on the other by a rolling meadow. Suddenly the chug-chug of an automobile broke the deep silence, and he hastily turned to the side of the road to let it pass by.

"This is a funny time of the night for an auto to be goin' along this here dangerous road. Guess I'll stop and see who's in it," Caleb muttered to himself.

A moment later a battered "flivver" turned a bend in the road, and slowed up as it approached the curious man. The latter noticed that the hats of the three men in the auto were pulled down low over their foreheads. His suspicions were completely allayed however, when the driver stopped the car

and loudly asked for directions to a neighboring town, the way to which they had lost. Thereupon Caleb stepped up closer to the auto and began to give the requested information.

While he was engrossed in his directions, the driver coughed significantly. At this signal the man who was sitting beside the driver swiftly whipped out a revolver and pointing it at Caleb ordered in a hoarse, gruff voice, "Up with yer 'mitts,'" Taken thus unaware the astonished man mechanically obeyed. He turned to seek a means of escape, but found himself confronted by the third bandit, who had noiselessly crept out of the auto and had taken up his station on the other side of him. He saw at a glance that the robbers had carefully made their plans and that they had skillfully executed them. Although by no means a coward, he realized that resistance was futile; and therefore decided to submit to the robbers. He did not lose his presence of mind, however, and asked in a perfectly controlled voice, "Well, what do you want?"

"Money," was the brief reply.

"Yes, I've got some money," he answered slowly.

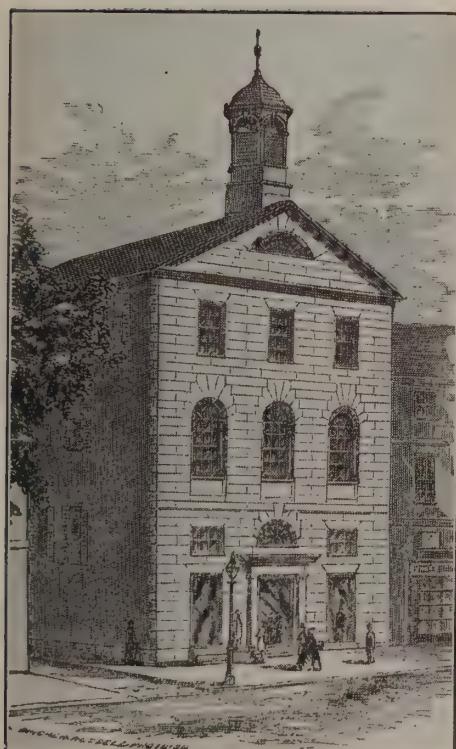
At this the bandit who had first confronted him, swiftly searched the victim's pockets, and hastily transferred the contents into his own pockets without a single glance at them. Time was precious, and speed was essential; for at any moment an auto might chance that way.

In less time than it has taken to describe the scene, the searcher jumped into the auto, and the second bandit followed suit. The latter pointing his revolver menacingly growled out in a

Supplement to the History of the Latin School



The first (supposed) schoolhouse, situated on the north side of School Street in the rear of King's Chapel. Here Ezekiel Cheever began to teach.



About 1812 there was a fire in the school and instead of repairs the building pictured opposite was built. It was on the south side of School Street. It was tenanted from 1812 until 1844.

The Bedford Street building was three stories in height, of brick and granite. There were four classrooms and two halls. The building was occupied from 1845 to 1881.



In 1881 the school moved to the above pictured building. It was then the largest building in the world devoted to public education. It was vacated in 1922 to move to our new building.

threatening voice, "If you want to live, don't you dare say a word about this!" The engine had not been shut off and the waiting driver released the clutch and immediately they were off. Caleb stood there gazing at the fast-disappearing machine until it was out of sight, then he hastened home with all possible speed.

For ten minutes the gang sped on and then turned up a road which had in years gone by been used to haul lumber from the woods, but which was now seldom traversed. After five more minutes of rough and slow riding, the "flivver" stopped. The men got out and walked through the trees and underbrush for about one hundred feet or so until they came to a broken-down hut. They entered, and one of them groped about in the darkness until he found a lamp, which he lighted and placed upon a rickety table.

"Well, pals, we sure was lucky tonight," boasted Bill, the leader, who had done the searching. "It was an easy stick-up, and easy get-away, and lots of —huh! What's this?"

While thus speaking he had begun to empty his pockets onto the table. It was the result of this act that had caused this abrupt break in his complacent remarks about the success of the night's work. It is true that bills came tumbling out of Bill's pockets, but oh what *bills* they were! Instead of the expected crisp bank-notes, there fell out a crumpled mass of waste paper, receipts, and cancelled checks and only three solitary dollar bills among them.

The scene that followed in that cabin in the woods defies description. The chagrined robbers raved; they cursed; they swore immediate destruction on the man who had so easily duped them.

In their blind fury, the bandits forgot that they were criminals and fugitives from the law; forgot that they would

have to serve a long sentence in prison if they were caught. The desire for revenge had so obsessed them, that without a moment's hesitation they burst out of the cabin and ran to the auto. In frantic haste Bill began to spin the crank, but all to no avail; Lizzie, true to her name, refused to move. They took turns at twirling the crank, but the engine did not give a solitary cough.

In the meantime, Caleb had reached home. He rushed to the 'phone without giving his frightened and wondering wife any explanation and called up the police. Immediately the whole police force of Stanton, which consisted of five men, ran to their official "flivver" and set out for Caleb's farm. When they were passing by the lumber road, the captain thought he heard something like the chug-chug of a machine in the woods and ordered the driver to stop, but since no one else had heard the sound, and since the captain himself could not hear it now, he believed that he must have been mistaken. They then resumed the journey and soon arrived at their destination.

Caleb gave them a hurried account of what had happened; and when he stated that the automobile had gone back toward the town center, the captain sprang up and said, "Come on, fellows; I wasn't mistaken after all about that sound in the woods. If we hurry we'll ketch them like rats in a trap." With these words he had bounded out of the house, and in another moment the Ford was on its way toward the lumber road.

And so it happened that during their most ardent efforts to instill within the machine a spark of life by working and cursing, the three highwaymen were startled by a stern voice which commanded, "Hands up, in the name of the law."

History of the Latin School

Part V

By Philip Flynn '24

It was Lovell's boys who had the famous interview with General Haldiman to protest against the destruction of their coast. An account is given in the first part of the school catalogue. The following account is given in a letter of John Andrews:

"... Shall close this by giving you a small anecdote relating to some of our school lads—who as formerly in this season improved the coast from Sherburn's Hall down to School Street. The General improving the house that belongs to Old Cook, his servant, took it upon himself to cut up their coast and fling ashes upon it. The lads made a muster, and chose a committee to wait upon the General, who admitted them, and heard their complaint, which was couched in very genteel terms, complaining that their fathers before 'em had improved it as a coast from time immemorial, etc. He ordered his servant to repair the damage and acquainted the Governor with the affair, who observed that it was impossible to beat the notion of liberty out of the people, as it was rooted in 'em from their childhood."

After Lovell's departure, the school was closed until, in June, 1776, Samuel Hunt, a former pupil and graduate of Harvard College, was made master. Hunt presided for twenty-nine years. He did not have an easy time, by any means. Conscientious and rigid in discipline, and unappreciative of the great changes brought about by the Revolution, he was often involved in difficulties with parents, and did not always agree with the School Committee. After some controversy between him and the authorities, he resigned in 1805, on a

pension, and moved to Kentucky, where he died later in Lexington.

William Biglow, who had for some time previous been a teacher in Salem, succeeded Mr. Hunt. As a disciplinarian he was no better than Hunt. The disorder was atrocious. A former pupil remembers a boy firing a pistol in an upper room. Biglow used to pretend to watch a recitation with one eye and the school with the other, keeping his hand edgewise up his face to separate the two. He resigned his office after nine years' service. Many interesting and humorous anecdotes are told of Biglow's term as Master. These will be dwelt upon in more detail later in the History. One of them was concerning Biglow's calling one of the boys aside two or three times each day and sending him to "Richardson's" for a mug of beer and pearl ash.

The committee determined to choose as master, "a young man whose inexperience in teaching would have a compensation in his not being so adapted to any particular mode of discipline." The choice which they made, of Benjamin Athorp Gould, proved to be most fortunate for the school. His pupils were very fond of him. In his first year he incited the boys to found a school library. He valued public speaking and was, probably, the first who originated our public declamation. In 1828 Gould resigned and he was succeeded by Frederick P. Leverett.

Frederick Percival Leverett was also a graduate of the Latin School and of Harvard. He was a remarkable Greek, Latin, and Mathematics scholar. Beside the Latin Lexicon which he edited, he published the *Satires* of Juvenal, and

Caesar's *Commentaries*, with excellent notes. In managing and teaching the school he showed great skill and patience. His pupils loved and respected him, although his disposition was not always a cheerful one. In 1831 he resigned to found a school of his own.

Levertt's successor was Charles Knapp Dillaway, a pupil of the school in 1818, a graduate of Harvard in 1825, and an usher in the school from 1827. Under him the school expanded, the number of pupils increased, large accommodations were required, the standard of the school was maintained, and more graduates were sent to college. He was an active member of several literary societies and wrote, edited, and published numerous works. He assisted J. E. Worcester in the preparation of

his *English Dictionary*. In 1836 he resigned his position owing to ill health.

Epes Sargent Dixwell, who had been formerly sub-master in the school, was made headmaster. He was loved and respected by all his pupils, many of whom became famous in later years. Perhaps the most illustrious of his boys was Charles William Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University. In 1844, while he was master, the school moved to the Bedford Street building. Mr. Dixwell was the founder of the Latin School Association. In 1851 the City Council voted that all city employees must reside within the city limits; he resigned, and set up a private school in his home in Cambridge.

(To be continued in May)



Reminiscences

By Wilfred F. Kelley '11

"Boys, some years hence it will be your Commencement Day in college. You will then be handed your diploma. Will it be with a *cum laude*, a *magna cum laude*, or a *summa cum laude*? You know *cum laude* means 'with praise' and is given to those students whose college record has been good, *magna cum laude* goes with exceptionally good work, and *summa cum laude* accompanies the best type of work possible. Who knows what boy in this class will receive his college degree with honors? May many of you be so honored! He who does his work faithfully day by day is bound to succeed in this school, in college and later in life." These were the words spoken to the boys of the Sixth Class in a soft, sweet, well modulated voice by that keen scholar, that beloved teacher, that cultured gentleman, the late Head Master Arthur I. Fiske, just before leaving the room in which I was a pupil back in September, 1905. Often did I think of those words during my course in Latin School and in college; and on Commencement Day when I received my A. B. degree with honors, my mind went back in gratitude to those simple words of encouragement uttered ten years before by dear old "Pa" Fiske. The late Head Master was nicknamed "Pa" by the boys because of his paternal feeling and attitude towards them.

It was a custom to close the exercises commemorating Washington's Birthday by having various boys who represented historical personages walk across the platform to the accompaniment of patriotic music, under Mr. Henderson's direction. During one of the Public Declamations I had spoken a piece about the Boston Latin School boys who had protested in the Revolutionary days to General Gage on the occasion of the

demolition of their coast on Boston Common. The thought came to Mr. Fiske that this would make a fine historical characterization for the closing exercises on Washington's Birthday, and he requested me to secure a colonial costume and take the part of the Boston Latin School boy who protested. It seems but yesterday, although it was seventeen years ago, that I walked slowly across the platform wearing a wig of flowing blond curls, a brown cutaway sack coat, a white ruffled blouse, with a high collar, corduroy trousers, gorgeous buckles on my slippers, and carrying a sled under my arm. As I passed the Head Master, who was sitting on the platform, I could hear him whisper "It's great; it's great", and my eyes straight ahead perceived Dr. Byron Groce shaking with laughter and delight—a mood which I later discovered he very seldom disclosed in the classroom. Some weeks later the telephone buzzed in my home-room; the Head Master had sent for me. Every boy who is suddenly summoned to the Head Master's office, even today, has anticipated feelings of some trouble ahead and it seems as if one reviews all the events of the past week in an effort to discover just what may be the occasion for the summons. You can imagine my surprise when on entering the office "Pa" Fiske said that he had a picture so resembling my make-up of the Boston boy that he wanted me to keep it as a souvenir. He then handed me a delightful cut of a boy dressed up in colonial costume. I mention this incident to show the intense human spirit which pervaded his whole being. Arthur Irving Fiske was truly the personification of kindness and culture.

Prize Drill took place in my time in Mechanics Building, and fond parents of the cadets used to show their appreciation by throwing out on the floor boxes of chocolates after their favorites had drilled. It was the duty of the younger boys to run out and quickly collect these for distribution to their owners after the drill. Mr. Jones had charge of these assignments and used to make us feel proud by pinning on our lapel a little rosette of purple and white ribbon as a badge of our office.

The advantages which I gained from participating in the Public Declamations I can hardly overestimate. The masters to whom I had to rehearse were always most meticulous concerning the proper articulation and pronunciation of my declamation. I have found that the ability to get up anywhere at any time and express your thoughts in a clear, straightforward manner is a most valuable asset. A boy who is required to stand before his classmates and deliver a declamation acquires the helpful quality of self-confidence. I therefore, urge the students to take more interest in selecting and learning their monthly declamations and joining such clubs as the Debating and Dramatic.

Unfortunately, participation in athletics seemed to be the province of only those boys who were endowed by nature with an enormous physique. There were no Junior, Intermediate, and Senior classifications such as we have now. Today a great many boys are participating in athletics. I would like to see every boy in this school, who is physically fit, an active participant in some school sport. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" is an old adage which every boy should strive to attain if he is to take his proper place in the world's work.

I note today that outside social activities rather than school work seem to occupy most of the time of some students. A great many seem to have plenty of money to spend. The boy who walks to school seems to be the exception. Yet when I was a student here I walked regularly to and from school, a distance of six miles, and most of the boys did the same. The possession of a nickel then meant as much as a five-dollar bill does today. One would never think of going to the "movies" or to other social functions after school. We never could spare the time. It was indelibly impressed upon us that our school work was our one and only job. This advice sounds familiar. The talks of Mr. Campbell, our Head Master, on Monday mornings bring me back to the days when Messrs. Fiske and Penny-packer were at the helm. The same principles of the value and importance of hard work are emphasized today as they have been doubtless from the very beginnings of our school way back in 1635.

The will to work, the will to conquer difficult, distasteful things, was the greatest thing I learned at Latin School. Greek didn't come easy to me, yet I simply had to work all the harder to master it. A student in Latin School can't toss aside the subjects that are personally distasteful to him. The prescribed curriculum is, in my opinion, the principal reason why our school has continued through the centuries. The tenacity of purpose to see a thing through, in spite of its difficulties, is a quality that makes for character, and a boy with a strong character starts out in the great struggle for life with a panoply that is invincible.

The Jewels of Brandenburg

The great square in the center of the city of Brandenburg, the capital of the tiny kingdom of the same name, was, ordinarily, a quiet and pleasant place, with the stately church, old dwellings and frowning, gloomy palace that fronted upon it. Now, however, although it was night, when the square was usually almost deserted, it was the scene of mighty turmoil. In front of the palace was a swaying, fighting mob, hurling stones and firing bullets at the dark mass of the castle. To illuminate the otherwise dark scene the crowd had fired two old houses that stood nearest to the palace, and these were now blazing merrily, shedding a flickering red light upon the square.

Before the castle, defending the closed gates, was a thin line of gaily clad policemen and guardsmen who were shooting, stabbing and clubbing in their vain attempt to keep back the howling mob which was steadily drawing closer and closer.

Soon the fighting grew less and less fierce, and centered about one small group, standing directly in front of the gate in the outer wall, which was kept by a huge guardsman who was wielding a long iron bar in a circle, striking down all who came near him and putting fear into those in the front of the crowd. One by one his companions fell—the victims of the mob's hate—until he alone was left. But, although he fought valiantly, one man cannot stand against a thousand, and he, realizing his hopeless position, drew slowly back to the gate until he stood with his back against the iron door. Suddenly this opened, he fell in, and before the astonished mob could take advantage of this opening, the door was again closed and Carl Saxe was safe within, safe, but with many wounds—in spite of which he had fought so bravely for his king and country.

Far from this place of battle and carnage, in a small and beautifully built room in the interior of the palace, two men were sitting, both of middle age, but one characterized by the bearing of a person accustomed to rule with no one to question his authority, the other apparently his subordinate. The first was King William of Brandenburg, the second Chancellor Metzig, who, while not a power behind the throne, was often able to win the King over to his opinion.

At this moment the Chancellor was speaking. "Well", he said, without any "His Majesty" or other prefix, because of his long companionship with the King, "this certainly looks bad. The mob have reached the gate and are preparing to batter it down with a long pole they have obtained. The police and guardsmen who could be trusted have been beaten back, and there are only a few defenders at the gates. God help us if that band of murderers ever gets in here! My advice is to flee while there is yet a chance, taking with us our valuables and all those that can be trusted. We can go out through the old tunnel and, if we have luck, be in Podern tomorrow, where the Duke will take us in and help us."

"But," objected the King, "why can we not do something to quiet and pacify the people and make flight unnecessary? Surely if we give them what they want—" "What they want", broke in the Chancellor, "is to get us out of the way and found a republic. Besides, when they see that they have the upper hand they will accept no concession. So I again urge you to flee." And the King, at last won over, assented.

Orders had been given, the crown jewels and other valuables had been gotten together, the few who could be

relied upon had gathered together and the royal party was ready to start. Through the old central tower, down into the dark cellars wound the little procession, at last stopping at a locked and barred iron door which the Chancellor proceeded to open. They filed through and the door was closed again.

Foremost were eleven men of the guards, carrying lanterns and guns. Following these were the King and Chancellor, and Trooper Saxe, who, despite his wounds, was helping to carry the valuables. Behind them came another detachment of seven men, all with a grim, determined look on their faces.

After about a half an hour's walk through the wet, dripping tunnel, the party came to a flight of steps leading upwards, at the top of which was another iron door. After the lanterns had been extinguished, the Chancellor mounted the stairs and inserting the key in the lock slowly swung the door open. The eleven soldiers had just filed cautiously out when a slight sound caught the ear of one of the men, a sound which made him turn and stare intently in the direction from which it had seemed to come. The whole party stopped, listening tensely. Suddenly a man leaped from the bushes—another and then another. "The password, comrades?" the first said, for it was so dark the men could see only the forms of each other. His answer was a sharp "Who are you?" by the foremost soldier. This, then, seemed to be a signal for the assailants to start to fight, for some with swords, others with pistols and guns leaped at the King's party. The battle was short and soon over, as the assailants far outnumbered the King's men and easily overcame them. But, in the melee three men escaped—the King, the Chancellor, and one huge guardsman, carrying with both hands a heavy box.

Early morning of the next day saw two weary men at the gates of the palace of the Duke of Podern. As soon as they were recognized they were at once admitted into the presence of the Duke, to whom they related the tale of the revolution which had overthrown them and put the people in the saddle of government. The Duke sympathized with them but, as he said, he could really not attempt to restore them because of the relative size of Podern and Brandenburg. Nevertheless, he granted them a villa on the shores of Lake Horstze, which lies not far from the City of Podern, where they might live until they died, or until they could be restored.

About three years after the sad happenings previously narrated, the people of Brandenburg began to look to their ex-King for help, for the people's government had been a dismal failure. Taxes had been raised, the leaders had oppressed the people more than King William had ever done, and the dissatisfaction was general. So a delegation of the people of Brandenburg was chosen to wait upon the King and request him to return to be their ruler.

The day that the delegation came to Horstze was gloomy and rainy, and the spirits of the members were not of the best. With lagging footsteps they approached the villa and summoning up their courage, they announced their arrival. A servant conducted them to a large, plain room where, after a wait of a few minutes, the King was announced. Followed by the Chancellor, he entered the room amid deep bows by the assembled delegates.

"Your Majesty," began the spokesman, "we represent a great part of the people of Brandenburg, and we have come with a petition requesting, nay even urging, you to return to rule us as a King once more. The men who are now conducting the government will be

asked to resign in your favor. Failing this, a general election will be called in which your name will appear on the ballot as a candidate for every office. By the vast size of this petition and by the articles in newspapers all over Brandenburg, you can see that you would easily regain your old power. Besides, we appeal to your patriotism to return and preserve your country from utter disintegration."

The King hesitated, for life had been pleasant at Horstze, with no affairs of state to trouble him, and he had spent his time in hunting and in other outdoor sports. But, despite any statements to the contrary, the King had really loved his people and, after a moment, he nodded in assent, and thereupon the whole assembly with one voice shouted, "God Save the King!" Then the spokesman ventured a suggestion that the King stage a formal entry into Brandenburg after the preparations had been made, wearing the crown and equipped with the royal jewels. "But," broke in the King, "the jewels were taken—probably by the provisional government. We started out with them on that fatal night, but in the fight at the gate they disappeared and I had always supposed the new government had them. But, if not, they were taken away by that huge trooper—His name?—Saxe, that's it. And to recover them now we would have to find Saxe—which to me seems impossible." "But," broke in the spokesman, "my—O, I beg your Majesty's pardon!" "You may proceed," said the King, and the spokesman resumed. "My cousin, who is in America, employed a detective, Thomas Williams by name, to track a man who had robbed him. This man, who is a notable detective, succeeded as he has in many other hard cases. If we could employ him he could doubtless find Saxe and recover the jewels. At least

we might try it; if this meets with your Majesty's approval, we will send for Williams and then, when he has succeeded, you can return." To this also the King assented.

Thomas Williams had arrived and was hard at work tracing the jewels. He was an exceedingly tall, thin man, with white hair and eyes with a far-away look in them. His methods as a detective were somewhat queer, for, after finding out what he could of the man and the movements of the man he was hunting, he would put himself in the place of the criminal (and he would have made a good one). Then thinking out his next move, he would assume that the criminal had done as he supposed, and he would thus trace many of them.

So Williams, according to his custom, found out that Saxe was a mighty soldier, that, so far as anyone knew, he had no living relatives, and that he had been extremely patriotic. Also, as far as he could, he traced the movements of Saxe on the last night and found that he had been seen heading for Podern. Then he tried to reason out what Saxe's next step had been. His reason told him that Saxe would go to Paris, London, Amsterdam, or New York to dispose of his jewels, as Brandenburg and Podern were so small that he could not safely do that in either of these two countries. Inquiries, however, failed to discover any such jewels sold in any of these places, and Williams was at a loss. Other lines of reasoning led to similar disappointments, so he at last determined to give up the search.

He went, therefore, to the Chancellor to inform him of his decision. "I can't seem to find him," he said, "and so I'm going back home. I've never failed before, and I can't understand why I have now. I've had no luck. But there is no use wasting time and money on a fruitless search and I am

going to resign." "But have you considered the difficulties under which you are working here?" asked the Chancellor. "Buck up, be a man, don't lie down on the job just because you fail at first. Keep at it and you're bound to succeed. Luck is only work anyhow. You will stay, won't you? We need you, you know, and besides the King has appointed you Captain of the Guards if you stay here and help him get back. Now what is your answer?" "I'll stay," he said slowly. "Fine," returned the Chancellor, "now to work again."

Meanwhile preparation for the return of the King had been made in Brandenburg. Those at the head of the government had refused to resign, so a general election had been called and the King's name had been placed on the ballot for every office. The results of this election had shown the King everywhere victorious, so plans had been made for his formal return.

The day before the one set for the procession into Brandenburg, Williams reported that he had been able to find no trace of the jewels or of Saxe. Still he kept on trying. That evening he was ascending the stairs to the King's apartment when his foot slipped and he fell heavily. The King and Chancellor both heard the fall and rushed down the stairs to see if he were badly hurt. But on the way down they stopped.

Williams had arisen and was looking at them as if in blank surprise. His face had a queer look and his lips were moving, but no words came forth. Then suddenly he burst out "I have found Saxe! I am Saxe! The jewels are in the cellar of a deserted house not far from the mouth of the tunnel!" "What," gasped the Chancellor, "impossible!" "Please explain then," said the King, and the two men waited.

"Now I remember everything," cried Williams excitedly, "I was struck on the head by a club in the fight, and upon recovery I had forgotten my identity, my duty—everything. I hid the jewels in the cellar, and fled to London, intending to find a market and return for the jewels later, when they could be sold safely. In London my memory played me another trick, and forgetting all about you and Brandenburg, I set out for the United States where I became a famous detective. When I fell downstairs just now I struck my head again—and now remember everything. Your Majesty, I implore your mercy."

"It is granted, Captain Saxe," replied the King, "and when, tomorrow, we return to Brandenburg in triumph, wearing the Crown and decked with the jewels, as Chancellor Metzig rides on my right, so shall you ride on my left in your new office of Protector of the Realm."

—Dennis



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When a person who has learned to appraise correctly the value of a tradition is invited to address those on whom will before long rest the honor and duty of interpreting, testing, and justifying that tradition, he accepts the invitation with a satisfaction much more profound than if he were tendered some distinction from another source where tradition counted for nothing, and in connection with which only the intense interest of the present, or the speculative possibilities of the future could compensate him for his efforts.

An institution can endure only if through the successive generations of those who serve it or whom it seeks to form there runs a definite and consistent line of thought and conviction, an allegiance to some fundamental principle, or body of principles, which will, in most circumstances, determine decisively their conduct or their mental attitude, and an unwillingness to acquiesce in any relaxation of the form in which the principle or principles were first carefully expressed. That is the essence of the tra-

dition of an institution, so far as its effect on men is concerned. This kind of tradition is in a "handing over" from one group to those who are to replace them of an affirmation that certain things are so, or ought to be so, and that to such extent as may be necessary or appropriate, all regard themselves as identified with, and committed to, these fundamental principles, on which they consider the institution to rest. And as each generation passes on to the next the formal statement or perhaps unformulated attitude thought to represent faithfully the central idea of the institution, two things come to be true. In the first place, if there is a genuine grasp of, and devotion to, those principles, there is on the part of the newer generation not a mere sense of obligation to reaffirm them, but a voluntary aspiration to prove their efficacy and exactitude and bring out some new relation they have possessed. In the second place, if those principles have life in them, they impart to those

who are convinced of their validity a sense of community with those of the past, and even, to some extent, with those of the future, who have shared or may share the conviction. The barrier of time grows dim, and those of yesterday and today are distinguishable from those of tomorrow only in minor details.

Now a person who spends much time in observing,—physically at close range, intellectually detached,—the operations we conveniently label “public affairs”, “finance” and “industry”, before long becomes aware of the difference between men who have a tradition, who have something to live up to, and who set store by unequivocal consistency of character, and men who, if not “their own ancestors”, are certainly their own prophets, who spend their lives calculating the tensile strength of the human motives of others, and for whom character ever means little more than resourcefulness and imperturbability. The observer sees that the number of men with a tradition is far less than the followers, conscious or unwitting, of Alcibiades and Wallingford; and, if he has the experience of a generation upon which to draw, he must conclude that in these years, and in this country, the sense of a discipline which a tradition imposes, is growing steadily weaker and less effective.

What does this mean? For one thing, it means that in the United States there will be, as time goes on, fewer and fewer men bound in any way to the past and able to measure the present by the experience of other days when similar situations arose and were worked out once for all. It will mean, too, the gradual disappearance of any central principle in education, and the substitution of the mere assembly of uncorrelated information—or misinformation—for the stern training in the art of clear thinking.

It seems certain to mean the utter and early disappearance of economic self-determination, and the transformation of our “middle class”—professional, commercial, artisan,—formerly subject to slight interference from public authority, and relatively free from our tendency to revere the “white collar worker,” into a salaried class forming a more or less smoothly operating series of cogs in a highly integrated industrial, financial and official machine.

The “handing down” of a fine standard of instruction and a simple and integral definition of character has constituted for more than two centuries the *tradition* of our Public Latin School; one might go further and say for nearly three centuries, for that tradition began almost with the school itself, and certainly became distinctive early in its history.

Three hundred years is a long time. Through what an extraordinary period the Latin School has lived! Few civil states of any consequence now in existence resemble even remotely the sovereignties of the second quarter of the seventeenth century which they replaced. While it steadily, modestly, and in a matter of fact way pursued its business of teaching certain well selected and useful subjects, and teaching them in such a way that a genuine and lasting discipline was created, and passed on unaltered from one generation to the next, a century and a half of colonial life developed throughout the western hemisphere, and produced a varied and distinct civilization. While the school carried on its work, anything but thrilled by contemporary excitement, a half century of revolution practically terminated European political domination in the hemisphere, and blended the best fruits of classical and middle age Latin theories of politics and human relations in a series of republican states.

During its first two centuries, the school was witnessing the gathering storm of social unrest in Europe which ended in the frightful explosion of the French Revolution, and the frank substitution of the social system based on classes for the system based on an identity of the interests of employer and craftsman. During its third century, the school has seen the tremendous political and economic expansion of Europe, pushing its colonies and protectorates and mandates over other continents, and attempting to draw our own hemisphere into its train; and in these recent years, it has seen, and many of its graduates have known at first hand, the result of that expansion and rivalry. And by this time, the school can measure, if it chooses to consult its familiar records of antiquity, the time it will take Europe to travel over what remains of the course it has been traversing; and the Latin School will be able to gauge the consequences of the selection of that course better than any self-designated historian made over from novelist or journalist.

The value of the Latin School's tradition is, of course, most evident in the power it has given, and will give, to its graduates to think clearly on their own public affairs, their own commercial and industrial surroundings. That tradition will permit no narrow exclusive view of the origin or destiny of our culture; those who bear the imprint of the Latin School will recognize that to South Europeans generally is due all

the creative and formal ideas of ancient, medieval and modern civilization—and they will be proud to share the inheritance of Latin, Celtic and Semitic genius with those who claim the lineage as well. That tradition, too, will instinctively arm them against the growing concentration of political power in the federal government, a power in itself less a cause for apprehension than the intangible forces which remorselessly aim to manipulate it. One thing that tradition should do, and from my observation it bids fair to continue doing, is to impress those coming within its influence of the ignoble and unworthy nature of the role of social parasite which elsewhere, the country over, high school boys seem content to play,—drifting into subsidiary and aimless routine work in offices or business places, bent only on diversion and distraction, resenting and before long incapable of sustained mental effort, avoiding work calling for physical endurance,—becoming, in short, unproductive and useless consumers.

I suppose I must stop here. Those of the faculty of the school who remember my style *in illo tempore*, will recall that it always became worse after the first thousand words. In this there has been no change, as a good many official reports will testify. But obscurity of expression has ever been the least of the charges levelled against Cassandra and those who, like her, preferred being right to being happy.



Avenue Louis Pasteur

Our building stands upon the Avenue Louis Pasteur, but the number of us who wonder whence comes the name is astonishing.

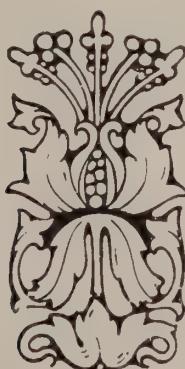
On December 27, 1922, the centennial of the birth of Louis Pasteur was celebrated. Louis Pasteur was a great French scientist, interested in bacteria. "Bacteria," says this outline I have, "are tiny vegetable growths capable of multiplying rapidly. Some varieties cause disease. . . ." But Louis Pasteur did not discover these bacteria. Their existence was discovered some two hundred years before he lived.

What in this world is pasteurized milk and why is it of great importance? It is milk, as all of us can guess, with all the bacteria it contained, dead. In pasteurizing the milk a heat of about 140° is used. After this process the milk does not have a scalded taste,—hence the marvel of Pasteur's process. The process is of major importance, our outline tells us, "because it is nearly impossible to produce milk not infected

with bacteria, often of disease bearing kinds. . . ."

In his further study of bacteria, Pasteur found a cure for hydrophobia. Our outline tells us, "He discovered . . . that it could be cured by the same kind of microbes in a weakened condition. In the Pasteur treatment a 'culture' of the microbes is taken from the spine of a rabbit and weakened by allowing it to stand for a certain time."

By discovering the germ theory of disease, Pasteur revolutionized medicine. In speaking of him, Professor Laplace of the University of Pennsylvania said: "Measured by the good he has done humanity, Louis Pasteur is immeasurably the greatest man that ever lived." This is what the simple topical outline which was given me tells me to write about Louis Pasteur. And so we find our institution standing upon an avenue which has received its name from one of humanity's greatest benefactors,—as indeed it should.



(The memorial commission, consisting of Mr. W. A. Robinson, chairman; Col. Edward L. Logan, a Latin School graduate; and Lieut. A. E. Zetterman of the Navy, was provided for by an act of the Legislature in 1920, to locate the graves of the 3200 Massachusetts citizens who died in the World War in foreign lands. The appointments were made

by Governor Coolidge. The Commission has been continued each year since, first, to advise the General Court where the memorial to the Massachusetts dead ought to be placed and then to purchase the site at St. Mihiel. At present the Commission is making plans for the memorial monument and park on the lot purchased.)

The Massachusetts Memorial Monument and Park at St. Mihiel, France

It is said more frequently in recent times, and with evidences of greater conviction, that courses of action are presented to us daily that call not only for clear thinking in making a wise choice but also for courage of the highest order in making the choice effective. But it is as true today as it was in the heroic ages of the past, that the hero who is acclaimed and memorialized is the one who has exposed his life in physical contests with the elemental forces, or man, or beast. With the general approval of her citizens, and, we might even say, demand, Massachusetts has erected monuments in many places, both within and outside the Commonwealth, to commemorate battles in which her citizens took part, or to place a true value upon group and individual bravery. To the extent that the sculptor has embodied in his work a spiritual content, the monuments teach lessons of patriotism year after year.

In my work as chairman of the Memorial Commission to erect at St. Mihiel a monument "to the valor and sacrifice" of citizens of Massachusetts in the World War, the question had to be considered, whether utility or art should be the controlling motive; also, to what extent realism might enter into the conception of the sculptor and architect. These two artists work in

collaboration to produce the deepest artistic effects; the one in designing the monument, and the other, in giving it a perfect setting.

Perhaps, if I mention a suggestion that came to the Commission, but received no favorable consideration by the artists, the reader will be helped to understand some of the problems confronting the Commission. The suggestion was, could not the artists in a series of designs, embody the spirit of the training camp and the baptism of fire in the quiet sector, the first fighting as an independent force in an active sector, and then the confidence, that came in the last few weeks of desperate fighting, of a victory just within their grasp.

The very obvious limitation of these designs would be that the proponent doubtless had in his mind the feelings and activities of a soldier, perhaps himself, in a single branch of the service, as the infantry. As a memorial to be erected by the Commonwealth, the figures to be represented could not be so restricted. A doughboy coming out of the trenches at the hour of the armistice is certainly a heroic figure, but he represents only one of a dozen branches of the service that contributed to the glorious victory. We must think not only of infantry, and artillery, but air-service, the supply trains, the ambulance, the surgeons,

the nurses, transportation, the "Sallies", the K. of C., the Red Cross, and the organizations in the rear that entertained and kept up the *morale* of the fighting forces while they were in rest camps.

General Edwards answered the objections that the memorial ought not to take on the aspect of a monument in a cemetery by saying, "The sacrifices of these men made it possible for us, the living, to come back home." We have been forced to the conclusion, that we must look to the artist to visualize the spirit of the conflict, and to embody it in living bronze and stone.

We take great pride in the fact that following a custom as old as recorded history, Massachusetts, from the beginning of its independent existence, has memorialized her sons "dead on the field of honor". We in Boston live under the shadow of Bunker Hill monument.

The negro, Crispus Attucks, led a mob in State Street against British soldiers as a passionate protest against quartering troops in Boston to overcome loyal British subjects. A monument on Boston Common memorializes the action and victories of this encounter and honors the cause they promoted by their death. The Commonwealth through the General Court has appropriated a total of about \$400,000 to erect monuments situated mainly to mark positions on battle fields in the South where Massachusetts troops marched and fought and suffered in the cause of union and eventually to give freedom to an enslaved race.

The first of these Civil War monuments was erected in Lowell to the memory of the two citizens of Lowell, in the 6th Mass. regiment, who were killed by the mob in Baltimore, on April 19, 1861, as the regiment was hurrying to the defence of Washington.

Other monuments to Civil War heroes

have been erected at the expense of the State, 8 at Gettysburg, 1 each at Chattanooga, Antietam, Andersonville, Vicksburg, Newheern, Winchester, Baton Rouge, Petersburg. In the resolves appropriating the money for these memorials, the Massachusetts regiments taking part in these battles are specifically mentioned. This was possible in the Civil War, because the quota of troops from each State was fixed by the National Government, and each State filled its quota by enlistment or draft, each regiment being raised in neighboring towns and cities, and officered up to and including the colonel by authority of the Governor. It was felt that there was a distinct advantage in having neighbors in the home towns campaign together and enter battle shoulder to shoulder. Hence the many monuments on Southern battle-fields, and the local interest in having each one commemorate a particular movement in a battle line of several miles in extent.

In the World War the policy of the Government was distinctly different. The first divisions to be sent to France were the regulars, enlisted men from every section of the country, and officered by graduates of West Point, who had risen in rank step by step as they gained in experience. Then the militia of the States was taken over, and organized into divisions under experienced veteran officers.

The strength of a division was 28,000 officers and men. The 26th, or Yankee Division, more nearly represented neighbors, if we may suppose that New England has a certain degree of solidarity, than any other division made up of the militia of the States. Yet of this division when it parted for France, only 13,041 were Massachusetts men; and the other New England States furnished about an equal number. 600 men came from the draft, and 900 men were added after the division reached France.

To make up for casualties during its service in France, it received about 6,500 men.

Again, Co. C of the 102nd Machine Gun Battalion, when it left New York, was made up of about 105 men from Massachusetts and Connecticut, and 85 from Vermont. When the war closed it had enrolled about 250 men coming from at least 15 states, including South Carolina, Iowa, Montana, California, with perhaps 25 from Brooklyn, New York City, and Jersey City, and the captain was from Spokane, Wash. It was believed that making the divisions composite—and replacing casualties from any draft men available would make it possible for officers to maintain discipline without regard to pre-war, or probable post-war friendships. And if regiments, or even divisions, suffered unusual casualties in some movements, the losses would not be felt severely in a single locality.

This organization of the American Army made it impossible for the Massa-

chusetts Memorial Commission to recommend that the monument be placed upon any battlefield. Of 24 divisions designated as combat divisions by the War Department, Massachusetts men were in each, ranging from 17,713 in the 26th, and 6,976 in the 82nd, to from 1000 to nearly 4000 in each of 8 other divisions. These men participated in each of the 12 great battles, about 40,000, with over 500,000 other Americans, taking part in the St. Mihiel Drive, and 45,000 with 1,150,000 other Americans, taking part in the final offensive of the Meuse-Argonne that broke the Hindenburg line and brought Germany to beg for peace. Hence the decision to put the Massachusetts memorial on the state highway, between St. Mihiel and Verdun, overlooking the Meuse River, and inclosing in its Park the double line of German trenches held by them during their 4 years of occupancy of the St. Mihiel Salient.

—*Mr. Walter A. Robinson*



The Things Worth While

To the Editors of the Register,
Dear Latin School Boys:

Since I received your invitation to contribute something for the April *Register*, my time and strength have been so much absorbed by caring for a great invalid in my home, that I can snatch only a brief half hour now almost at the end of March, to give expression to a single thought.

Ten years ago the coming June, I packed up my books, laid aside my pen and pencil, handed in my final report, and walked out of the door of the Latin School building, an ex-teacher, my life-work as an instructor of youth, at an end.

The feeling which has been growing deeper and deeper in my breast since then, is, that it is not what we think or what we know, that counts in the on-going of the world, but what we *are* and what, as a consequence, we *do*.

The great crises in a nation's life make great demands on the mental and bodily powers of its best citizens. For instance, in the three great epochal wars of the United States, the Revolutionary, the Civil, and the World War, the men who gave of their mental best in legislative halls, and those who underwent suffering and strenuous service in the field, especially those who made the "supreme sacrifice"—these are the men, whom we delight to honor, and it is the pride of the Latin School boy of to-day, to find among the foremost heroes of all those wars the names of Latin School boys, which will ever shine on with undimmed lustre.

But lest we forget that there are heroes in peace also, let me call the attention of every boy that there hang upon the walls the portraits of the former teachers of the school who faithfully served the pupils of their day, and gladly surrendered many an opportunity to gain cul-

ture for themselves, willingly consenting to be pulled down somewhat themselves for the sake of pulling their boys up.

They tell the story that on one occasion General Booth, the Commander of the Salvation Army wished to send a New Year's message to every army post around the globe.

To send a long message for that purpose would be too expensive, so he condensed it into the single word "Others". When our final account is rendered, what we have done for ourselves will burn like stubble in unquenchable fire; what we have done for the welfare of others, will blaze with eternal glory. As the Latin School boy pegs away at his lessons, let not his motto be "To shine" but, written large and bright, let it be "To serve".

I cannot do better to close this article than by quoting the following lines from Rudyard Kipling:

"And they came to the gate within the walls where Peter holds the keys.

Stand up, stand up, now, Tomlinson,
and answer loud and high,

The good that ye did for the sake of men,
or ever ye came to die—

The good that ye did for the sake of men
in little earth so lone"

And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew
white as a rain-washed bone.

"This I read in a book," he said, "and
that was told to me,

And this I have, though that another
man thought, from a prince in
Muscovy."

And Peter twirled the jangling keys in
weariness and wealth.

"Ye have *Read*, ye have *Heard*, ye have
Thought," he said, "and the tale is
yet to run

By the worth of the body that once ye
had give answer—what ha ye'
Done."

Mr. J. K. Richardson

The Origin of the Piano

By Edward Michelman

The birthplace of the first musical instrument was Egypt. The fable is that the god Hermes (Mercury) was walking along the bank of the Nile, when he stumbled over the shell of a dead tortoise. He picked it up and, running his fingers over the dried sinews, was surprised to hear sweet tones. This gave him the idea on which the first musical instrument was based. Believing in the legend, the ancient Greeks decorated many of their lyres with tortoises.

In many of the excavated tombs in Egypt, harps have been found.

The Greek harp or lyre was played by picking the strings with the fingers or a plectrum, which was a small piece of bone held in the fingers.

The next great step in musical instruments was the psaltery. This was a box with strings across it, the box acting as a sounding board. The use of a sounding board has been retained in practically every string instrument nowadays except the harp.

After the psaltery came the dulcimer, which was simply an enlargement of the psaltery. Both these instruments were played with a plectrum.

In the eleventh century the keyboard was invented. The keys were attached to a quill plectrum. Keys were first used on the cithera, which developed into the clavichord. This was the principal instrument used from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries. The strings of the clavichord were made of brass and were struck by plectra of the same metal, called tangents.

The composer, Bach, wrote entirely for the clavichord.

The virginal and spinet, which were about the same, were the next advancement. Their plectra reverted back to the cithera being made from crow quills.

Queen Mary of Scotland, Queen Elizabeth of England, and Henry VIII used virginals. There were fifty keys on Queen Elizabeth's virginal as compared with eighty-eight on the modern piano.

It is believed that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries virginals were as common as pianos are now.

The harpsichord did not come into favor until the eighteenth century, although it was invented in Italy in the fifteenth century. The harpsichord was very similar to the modern grand piano except in size, being smaller.

The only important reason why the pianos of today are better than the harpsichords is that the piano uses hammer action instead of quill action.

This was invented by Bartolomeo Christofori in Italy, and the instrument was called the pianoforte. This was invented in 1709. As in the case of many other great inventions the discovery of the principle of hammer action was hit on by several other men at the time.

For a long while the clavichord was held superior to the piano. The criticism of the master musicians did much to improve the making of the pianos and thus overcome the prejudice.

It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that the piano began to gain popularity.

The first American instrument was built in Philadelphia in 1775, and music centered around Philadelphia for the next three-quarters of a century.

The upright piano was invented by Timothy Gilbert, a Bostonian, about 1840. Chickering, by first adopting this method of case-building, put Boston in the lead in musical circles, where it has remained ever since.

A Word From The Other Side Of The Desk

When requested by a member of the *Register* staff to write an article for the Alumni number, I could not help smiling to myself on looking back ten years to the days when I was a pupil in the Boston Latin School. Had I been told at that time that I would, at some time in the future, sit behind a teacher's desk in the Boston Latin School, I should have thought the forecast to be erroneous, to say the least. My experience has shown me that the future is uncertain even as to one's aims in life. Changes are many and unexpected.

Talking of changes brings to my mind several that have occurred in the last ten years in this school. There have been changes in the curriculum, in the manner of promotion, and in the numbers attending. The most noticeable of these changes has been the great increase in numbers. The attendance at the school is nearly twice that of ten years ago. This fact has caused many changes in the administration of the school. About ten years ago, all cadets went to drill at the same time. The whole school had study period before the noon recess. The periods were fewer in number, but longer than those of today. The program of the school has become much more complicated than it used to be. Such are a few of the changes that come to my mind when I look back to my school-days here.

In one very important respect there has been no change; that is, in the immediate aim or purpose of the school. This aim is to prepare boys to enter college. The school goes on with its work as in the past. Character training and mind training go hand in hand. The school's rules, which seem so harsh to offenders, make a boy stand on his feet and assume personal responsibility. The

earnest student regards them as necessary in preserving order for the good of all. The offender learns the valuable lesson that he who breaks the law must pay for doing so.

The discipline of the mind is accomplished by the study of classical subjects. Hard consistent work on the part of the normal boy will bring success. The pupil's mental qualities are brought out. Moreover, not only is the mind strengthened, but the moral background is built up. The facts that a boy learns in the Latin School may fade from memory, but the training of mind which he has received remains with him and has a great influence on his later life. The advantages do not, as a rule, appeal to boys while they are going "through the mill". It is not expected that they should. However, when graduation day arrives, every boy who receives his diploma does so with a feeling of satisfaction that is not experienced by all high school graduates. His diploma represents much work done in a satisfactory manner. He is proud of it for that reason especially. He then begins to realize what the training of Boston Latin School means to him, and he will appreciate this more and more as time goes on.

These are a few of the reflections that have come to me on looking back to the days when I sat in front of the desk in the Boston Latin School. I hope that they may be a source of encouragement to those in the school now, who are finding the way difficult. Let such boys remember that there is no royal road to learning, and that those things are best appreciated which come as the result of hard work.

—Charles F. Murphy

A Latin School Boy As A Roman

By A. Mirsky

A year ago, I spent my April vacation in Providence, R. I. Providence, like many other New England cities, has taken Boston's educational system as an example for her own, and has set up grammar and high schools somewhat modeled after ours.

When I came to Providence, I was surprised to find that the public schools were in session. Upon asking my cousin whether they were so industrious there that they couldn't afford to take a week's vacation, or whether anything was wrong with the school committee, she hastily replied, "You're slow in Boston. We had our vacation two weeks ago and we're looking for another one now."

On the next day my cousin invited me to accompany her to school, an invitation which I accepted. On our entering the school, she introduced me to her home-room teacher, a Mr. Blake, who taught Latin and Greek there. She emphasized the fact that I was a Latin School boy. Mr. Drake was very glad to see me—at least he said so—and he said that he had heard much about the Latin School.

When the bell rang, he led me to his room, where he handed me a chair and bade me be seated. He then gave me a Cicero and calling his class to order he said in a "Ciceronian" tone; "I want you all to do your best; we have the pleasure to be heard by a Roman today." I could not understand at that moment, why every eye rested on me, and in vain did I try to make out who in the room could be the Roman, for no one in the room resembled the picture of a Roman, which we had on the cover of our grammar in the Latin School. Mr. Drake then called on a boy to recite, who stood up with a "hum and uhm" and shivered during the whole recitation—perhaps on account of the

Roman. Although I could neither make out the Latin words and forms, nor could I understand the meaning of those words, for that was my first year in the Latin School, yet, I maintained a grave face, listened carefully, and smiled every time the teacher made a face, as if I would have noticed every mistake.

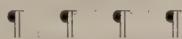
At the end of the period he explained what he meant by "Roman"; that I was a Latin School boy; and after a ten-minute talk about the Latin School, its reputation and the high grade scholarship of the boys, and after giving his idea about our teachers, he stated that in his opinion a Latin School boy is like a Roman. He also added that when reciting, a Latin School boy does not use "hums and uhms," but stands up like a Roman on a battlefield.

When the bell rang again, I was surrounded by a crowd of boys and girls, some of whom asked in a polite way about the school, while others were calling loudly, "Hey, Roman, is Cicero teaching up in your school? and the like, so that they attracted the attention of Mr. Drake, who broke into the crowd saying, "Pax vobiscum, boys; attend to your business."

On my return home, I saw the school, boys, friends, and teachers appearing before my eyes. I heard Mr. Campbell saying again and again, "Boys, keep up the honor and reputation of the school." I heard my teachers repeat the same thing, but I did not realize what they meant by the honor and reputation of the school until I recalled the scene in the Classical High. More than once have I said and have heard other boys say, "What about the Latin School reputation?" But when one hears a story like this I am sure every boy ought to understand and know something about the Latin School reputation.

School Notes

We wish to offer our sincere thanks to those who have contributed to this *Alumni Number* of the *Register*. The *Alumni Number* is not, as many believe, an issue of the *Register* as old as the paper itself. The idea of an *Alumni Number* was first conceived by the editor-in-chief, Stanwood, in 1914. No issue of an *Alumni Register* appeared in 1915. In 1916 the editor-in-chief took up the idea of Stanwood once again and we have had an *Alumni Number* ever since.

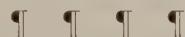


On May 4, 1923, the first performance of the Latin School Dramatic Club since 1916 will be held. For a long time now rehearsals have been held and the fellows of the club have been expending their

time and energy in a most generous way. We hope that the performance of the club will prove conclusively that such an organization can flourish in the Latin School. If the Latin School Dramatic Club becomes a permanent institution, we can never forget that Mr. W. Kelley was the foundation of its success.



Every member of the first class should have gone by this time to the Arlington Studios, 394 Boylston Street, to sit for the class picture.



On May 17, a formal dedication of our new building will be held. Many of our Alumni will speak.



EXCHANGES

The *Aster*, Newark, N. J.—The February number was up to the usual standard. The editorials were good, also the poetry. The essay on John Barrymore's "Hamlet" was quite interesting and very appropriate in these times of the revival of Shakespeare on Broadway. The school notes were excellent, but why don't you add a few jokes?

The *Bulletin*, Lawrence, Mass.—You certainly must have a fine Business Manager with fourteen and a half pages, out of thirty-two, devoted to advertising matter. "The Masculine Head of Hair" is one of the best essays that we have seen this year. It is interesting, amusing, and it contains some good advice. "Excuses" was also very good. You still insist upon making your jokes personal.

The *Chandelier*, South Boston, Mass.—A few cuts and some ads would greatly improve the *Chandelier*.

The *Imp*, Brighton, Mass.—The exchange column is the best thing in the paper. We agree with the *Clarion*, you certainly live up to your name. We failed to find a serious article in the whole magazine, even in the Literary Department.

The *Item*, Dorchester, Mass. is a good paper in every respect. It contains a little bit of everything. "Undoubtedly there will NOT be erected close by it a large stadium, etc."

The *Item*, Pasadena, Cal.—Yours is certainly the most novel and interesting exchange we have seen this year. It is very well illustrated, illustrations of some kind appearing on almost every

page. The poetry, which is in abundance, is very good. The Literary Department shows care and excellence. You have the largest exchange column of any of our exchanges. The dedication in the front, and the songs are very appropriate.

The *Jabberwock*, Boston, Mass.—If we had only the literary value of your magazine to criticize, we should have nothing but praise for you. Alas! Your arrangement is very poor; everything seems to be too cramped. In the best of regulated school magazines it is not the custom to insert a joke every time that there is a space to be filled. The Editorial is excellent and appropriate. "Build" is the title of a very good poem. "A Dressmaker by the Day" is very humorous and well written. Please don't feel offended.

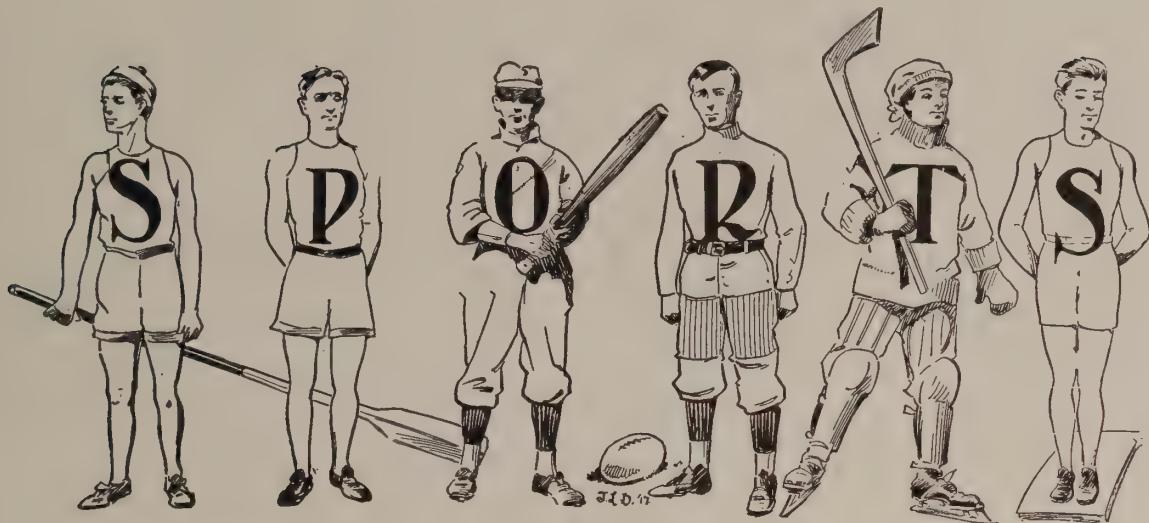
The *Opinator* Kingston, Pa.—A truly wonderful weekly. You must receive the best of support from your student body.

The *Review*, Medford, Mass.—You might make your exchange column larger and more interesting. One-sentence comments are rather unusual. The Literary Department of the *Review* is excellent. A few cuts might help.

The *Regis Monthly*, New York, N. Y.—Your magazine is always interesting. The two essays on the "Idylls of the King" are very well written.

The *Record*, Boston, Mass.—The stories are very good this month; especially the prize selection. The two cartoons are very clever.

Philip Flynn '24



BASEBALL

Spring is here once again and with it our ball tossers have commenced training for their long schedule. We expect our nine to make a much more formidable showing than that of last year. We have one big advantage in that our practice field is close by the school. Our captain, Raymond Finnegan, better known as "Jap," has been a star infielder and batter for the past three years. He is also capable of taking a turn in the box when needed and is a fine leader. Tobin, first sacker last year, has been shifted to backstop and although he is a newcomer at this position, we know that he will give a good account of himself. He also is a heavy "sticker". Denvir and Gildea are due to cavort around the initial sack. Donaghy, a youngster with plenty of ability, looks to be able to care for the keystone bag. Elton is another infielder who can fill in for any of the regulars, should the occasion demand it. Joe Goode and Fusonie are veteran outer gardeners of last year. Goode is also a good southpaw pitcher. Frank Lyons at present is playing the sun-field. Our pitching staff seems rather weak with only "Lefty" Andrews back. Coach FitzGerald is looking for boys with any kind of ability in this department. There are plenty of chances, and it is not too late

to report. Our winning in the City League is going to depend on our pitchers.

Others who are out for the team are Dennis, Barry, Sheehan, infielders; Nolan and Sullivan, outfielders Kiley, McNulty, Boles, Sughrue, and Garrity, comprise the pitching staff, with Halloran, Gordon, and Richards to help out with the catching.



On April 11th, the team suffered its first defeat at the hands of Milton Academy. Mr. FitzGerald did not have much time to mould together a good-working outfit and the score does not truly show the ability of the team. The Academy team started right away by gathering five runs in the first two innings. Heavy slugging by the Academy boys featured the game. Tobin was the only Latin School boy to hit for extra bases, hitting a home run to left with one on. Andrews pitched for Latin School and was hit hard. Norris and Sullivan starred for Milton both in batting and in the field. Coach FitzGerald gave many of the substitutes a chance to show their ability. The game was rather a long-drawn-out affair. Kiley, a brother of Bob Kiley, a former Latin star, finished the last two stanzas for Latin School.

The score:

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

MILTON

	<i>ab</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>po</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>
Higgins, lf.....	4	2	0	0	1
Chase, 2.....	3	2	1	2	1
Sullivan, ss.....	4	1	4	4	0
Sinclair, c.....	4	2	9	1	0
Donald, 1.....	3	2	7	1	1
Norris, cf.....	3	3	2	0	0
Cox, 3.....	4	0	2	1	1
Whitney, rf.....	3	1	0	0	0
Clifford, p.....	3	0	1	5	0
Gates, p.....	1	0	1	7	3
Stillman, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	33	13	27	21	7

LATIN

	<i>ab</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>po</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>
Donaghy, 3.....	2	0	0	2	0
Elton, 2.....	2	0	1	1	1
Finnegan, ss.....	4	1	0	2	1
Tobin, 1, c.....	4	2	12	1	0
Fusonie, cf.....	2	0	1	0	1
Denvir, r.....	3	0	0	0	0
Goode, lf.....	2	0	1	0	0
Richards, c.....	2	1	5	1	1
Andrews, p.....	2	1	2	6	1
Dennis, ss.....	1	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, cf.....	0	0	1	0	1
Kiley, p.....	2	0	1	3	0
Totals.....	26	5	24	16	6

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Milton.....	2	3	0	1	4	2	0	3	x—15
Latin.....	0	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	1—5

Runs made by Higgins 2, Chase 3, Sullivan 3, Sinclair 2, Donald 3, Norris, Cox, Tobin 2, Fusonie, Goode. Two-base hit: Higgins 2, Chase. Home runs: Tobin, Sullivan, Norris. Sacrifice hit: Norris. Struck out by Clifford 4, Gates 5, Andrews 3, Kiley 4. Hit by pitched ball, by Clifford, Elton. Time: 2 hrs. 45 min. Umpire: White.



THE MIDDLESEX GAME

On the Wednesday of vacation week

the nine traveled to North Concord to play Middlesex School. It proved to be a seesaw game throughout. Hardie started on the mound for the Academy with "Lefty" Joe Goode as his opponent. For three innings the game went on slowly but the fourth stanza proved a thriller. Latin School went on a batting rampage starting with a pass to Andrews. With the bases full, hits flew to all corners of the field, ending with the removal of Hardie. Pollard then took the mound for Middlesex.

For the rest of the inning he received the same fate as his predecessor. Eight runs were counted and this seemed to be a big enough lead to win. Goode went along fine until the sixth inning when Middlesex aided by infield errors started to gather back their runs. The final count stood 12 to 10.

The score:

MIDDLESEX

	<i>ab</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>po</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>
Brews'r, 3.....	3	0	0	0	1
Morrill, 1.....	4	2	9	0	0
Howard, ss.....	5	1	3	2	0
Po'l'd, cf, p.....	5	1	2	2	0
Bailey, lf, cf.....	4	1	1	0	1
Far'sw h, if.....	5	3	1	0	0
Hardie, p.....	1	0	0	0	0
Barnum, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
Pabst, lf.....	4	3	0	0	0
White, c.....	3	0	11	1	0
Hopkins, 2.....	3	1	0	0	0
Totals.....	37	12	27	5	2

BOSTON LATIN

	<i>ab</i>	<i>bh</i>	<i>po</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>
Hag'y, 3 lf.....	5	2	1	0	1
Elton, 3.....	1	0	0	0	0
Donaghy, 2.....	4	1	4	0	0
Finigan, ss.....	3	3	2	2	2
Tobin, c.....	5	3	7	0	0
Fusonie, c.....	5	1	1	0	0
And'ws, cf.....	3	0	2	0	0

Lyon's, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0
Gildea, 1, ss.....	3	0	5	0	0
Goode, p, rf.....	3	1	2	2	1
—————					
Totals.....	33	11	24	4	4

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Middlesex.....	0	0	0	0	2	4	4	2	x—12
Latin.....	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	1	1—10

Runs made by Howard, Pollard 3, Farnsworth 3, Pabst, 2, White 2, Hopkins, Hagerty 2, Donaghy, Finigan, Tobin, Fusonie, Goode, Andrews, Lyons, Gildea. Two-base hits: Tobin, Finigan. Three-base hit: Farnsworth. Home runs: Pollard, Howard. Stolen bases: Brewster, Pollard, Farnsworth, Pabst 2, Hagerty, Gildea. Sacrifice hit: Bailey. Base on balls, by Finigan 4, by Hardie 2, by Barnum 4, by Pollard. Struck out, by Finigan 5, by Hardie 2, by Goode, by Barnum, by Pollard 8. Passed balls. White 2, Tobin. Time. 2h 30m. Umpire. Bulger.

THE ST. MARK'S GAME

Poor hitting on the part of Latin School caused their defeat by St. Mark's at Southboro, Saturday, April twenty-first. It was an ideal day for baseball and one especially suited for the pitchers. Andrews twirled a good game and held the home team to seven hits. The Latin batters seemed puzzled at the slow offerings of Palmer.

The latter started by hitting Goode. Latin School filled the bases and an "infield out" brought Goode home. St. Marks came back in the last half of the first inning to tie up the score.

They accounted for their remaining runs by infield errors and timely hits.

Latin School seemed about to even up scores in the seventh when Andrews started with a hard hit triple to left. But Palmer tightened up and prevented a score.

Crawford covered the shortfield well for St. Marks and also did some good

hitting. De Kham also hit in the pinches. Andrews pitched a good game and our outfielders played their positions well.

The score:

ST. MARK'S

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Hamlen, 3.....	4	1	0	2	0
W'sw'h, 1.....	3	0	12	0	0
C'ford, ss.....	3	2	1	4	0
D'kham, c.....	4	2	9	1	0
S'kins, 2, p.....	4	0	1	0	0
Elkins, cf.....	3	1	0	0	0
Pell, lf.....	3	1	0	0	0
P'mer, p, rf.....	3	0	0	3	0
Hoyt, 2.....	3	0	4	3	0
—————					
Totals.....	33	7	27	13	0

BOSTON LATIN

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Goode, lf.....	4	1	2	0	0
Lyons, rf.....	3	0	1	0	0
F'negan, 3.....	3	0	1	0	0
Tobin, c.....	2	0	2	3	1
Hagg'ty, ss.....	4	2	3	2	3
Fusoni, cf.....	4	1	1	0	0
Denver, 1.....	4	0	12	0	0
Donaghy, 2.....	2	0	2	3	1
Andrews, p.....	3	1	0	5	0
*Elton.....	1	0	0	0	0
—————					
Totals.....	30	5	24	13	5

*Batted for Andrews in ninth.

Innings..... 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

St. Mark's..... 1 0 0 1 1 2 0 0 x 5

Funny Fable



PROVOKING

Myrtle: "While I was playing whist with Mrs. Singleton last evening, she asked me what the trump was at least six times."

Maude: "Were you not provoked?"

Myrtle: "I should say so! As if I knew!"



MEAN INSINUATION

Miss Vera Playne: "I think kissing is dreadful."

Miss Fayre: "You shouldn't believe everything you read, dear."



A SLAM

She: "What are you thinking of?"

He: "Nothing."

She: "Oh, do take your mind off yourself."



Patient: "Can this operation be performed safely, doctor?"

Doctor: "That, my dear sir, is just what we are about to discover."



PRETTY SWIFT

"Do you guarantee these colors fast?" asked a customer at the hosiery counter.

"No, madame," replied the new clerk. "Black is never considered fast, you know. But I can show you something pretty swift in stripes."



PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY

"What made that prima donna demand your discharge?"

"I wrote an article," replied the press agent, "saying that she sings like an angel. She said she saw no reason for complimentary references to anybody's singing except her own."



Pleasant Polly (entertaining big sister's beau): "Oh, Adolphus, guess what father said about you last night."

Adolphus: "I haven't an idea in the world."

Pleasant Polly: "Oh, shame! you listened."



LUCKY HE DIDN'T CAN IT

Bin: "I say, old chap, why so sad?"

Biz: "Oh, I'm ruined! I sold an article on 'Fresh Milk' and the editor condensed it."

CATNIP

Thomas: "I'd give my life for you, dear."

Maria: "Cheap skate! Nine or nothing."



NOT AT ALL

Mother (aside): "Edna, your collar looks tight."

Edna: "Oh, but mother, he isn't."



DOUBLING UP

Teacher: "Willie, what is the plural of man?"

Willie: "Men."

Teacher: "And the plural of child?"

Willie: "Twins."



ALMOST PERSUADED

Lawyer: "Now that we have won,

will you tell me confidentially if you stole the money?"

Client: "Well, after hearing you talk in court yesterday, I'm beginning to think I didn't."



TRUE LOVE

He: "Oh, Peggy, I shall be so miserable all the while I'm away from you."

She: "Oh, darling, if I could be sure of that, it would make me so happy!"



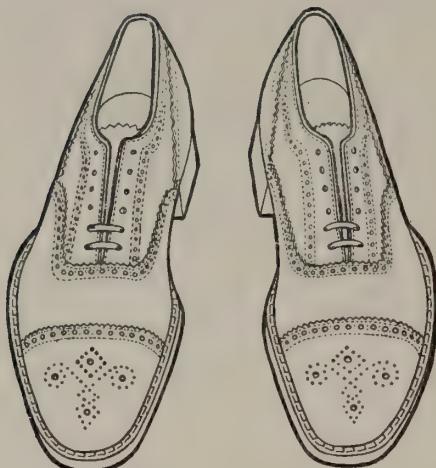
GONE HIS LIMIT

"Prisoner, have you anything to offer in your own behalf?"

"No, your Honor, I've turned every cent I own over to my lawyer and a couple of jurymen."



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